

*Troilus and Cressida.*

And thou most reuerend for thy stretcht-out life,  
I giue to both your speeches: which were such,  
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece  
Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe  
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Silver)  
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree  
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares  
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both  
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare *Vlysses* speake.

*Aga.* Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be of lesse expect:  
That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen  
Divide thy lips; then we are confident  
When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke iawes,  
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.

*Vlyss.* Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,  
And the great *Hectors* word had lack'd a Master  
But for these instances.

The specialty of Rule hath bene neglected;  
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand  
Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.  
When that the Generall is not like the Hue,  
To whom the Forragers shall all repara,  
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
Th'vntworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.  
The Heauens themselves, the Planets, and this Center,  
Obserue degree, priority, and place,  
Institute, course, proportion, season, forme,  
Office, and custome, in all line of Order:  
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol  
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd  
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye  
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,  
And postes like the Command'ment of a King,  
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets  
In euill mixture to disorder wander,  
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?  
What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?  
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,  
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate  
The vniy, and married calmes of States  
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'd,  
(Which is the Ladder to all high designs)  
The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,  
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,  
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,  
The primogenitive, and due of Byrth,  
Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,  
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?  
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,  
And hearken what Discord follows: each thing meetes  
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,  
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,  
And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:  
Strength should be Lord of Imbecillity,  
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:  
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,  
(Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)  
Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.  
Then every thing includes it selfe in Power,  
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,  
And Appetite (an euermall Wolfe,  
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)  
Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,  
And last, eate vp himselfe.  
Great *Agamemnon*:  
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

Followes the choaking:

And this neglect of Degree, is it  
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose  
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd  
By him one step below; he, by the next,  
That next, by him beneath: so euery step  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sicke  
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer  
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.

And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,  
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.  
*Nest.* Most wisely hath *Vlysses* heere discover'd  
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.

*Aga.* The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Vlysses*)  
What is the remedie?

*Vlyss.* The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,  
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,  
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,  
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent  
Lyes mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,  
Vpon a lazie Bed, the hie-long day  
Breake furrill lefts,

And with ridiculous and aukward action,  
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)  
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,  
Thy tolesse deputarion he puts on;  
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit  
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich  
To heare the wooden Dialogue and sound  
Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Staffolage,  
Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming  
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speaks,  
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With teames vnscarr'd,  
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,  
Would teemes Hyperboles. At this fustie stuffe,  
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)  
From his deepe Chest, laughs out a lowd applause,  
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.

Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard  
As he, being drest to some Oration:  
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends  
Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,  
Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent.

'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,  
Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,  
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age  
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,  
And with a paffe funbling on his Gorget,  
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport  
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,  
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all  
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,  
Atchievements, plots, orders, preuentions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Successes or losse, what is, or is not, serues  
As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twaine,  
Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crownes  
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:  
*Ajax* is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head  
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place  
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;  
Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre

Bold

*Troilus and Cressida.*

Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*  
Afloue, whose Gall coines slanders like a Mint,  
To match vs in comparisons with dirt,  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.

*Vlyss.* They take our policy, and call it Cowardice,  
Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,  
Fore-stall preference, and esteeme no acte  
But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,  
That do contriue how many hands shall strike  
Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight,  
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:  
They call this Red-woke, Mapp'ry, Closet-Warre:  
So that the Ramage that batters downe the wall,  
For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,  
They place before his hand that made the Engine,  
Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,  
By Reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse  
Makes many *Thetis* tonnes. *Tucket*

*Aga.* What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus*.

*Men.* From Troy. *Enter Aeneas.*

*Aga.* What would you fore our Tent?

*Aene.* Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?

*Aga.* Euen this.

*Aene.* May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,  
Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?

*Aga.* With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,  
Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce  
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.

*Aene.* Faire issue, and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most Imperiall lookes,  
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

*Aga.* How?

*Aene.* I: I aske, that I might waken reuerence,  
And on the cheeke be ready with a blusht  
Modest as morning, when the coldly eyes  
The youthfull *Phaebus*:

Which is that God in office guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

*Aga.* This Trojan scornes vs, or the men of Troy  
Are ceremonious Courtiers.

*Aene.* Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,  
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:  
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue galls,  
Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, & *Ioues* accord,  
Nothing so full of heart. But peace *Aeneas*,  
Peace Trojan, lay thy finger on thy lips,  
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:  
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcends.

*Aga.* Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *Aeneas*?

*Aene.* I Greeke, that is my name.

*Aga.* What's your affayre I pray you?

*Aene.* Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.

*Aga.* He heares nought priuately

That comes from Troy.

*Aene.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,  
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,  
To set his fence on the attentive bent,  
And then to speake.

*Aga.* Speake frankly as the winde,  
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping honre;  
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake,

He tels thee so himselfe.

*Aene.* Trumpet blow loud,  
Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,  
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke aloud.

*The Trumpets sound.*

We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,  
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priams* is his Father:  
Who in this dull and long-confinew'd Truce  
Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,  
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,  
If there be one amongst the fayr ft of Greece,  
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,  
That seeks his praise, more then he feares his perill,  
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,  
That loues his Mistress more then in confession,  
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)  
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,  
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.

*Hector*, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.

He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Then euer Greeke did compasse in his armes,  
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,  
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,  
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.

If any come, *Hector* shal honour him:

If none, hee'l lay in Troy when he retires,  
The Grecian Dames are fun-burnt, and not worth  
The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.

*Aga.* This shall be told our Louers Lord *Aeneas*,  
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,  
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,  
And may that Souldier a metre recreant proue,  
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:  
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,  
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, Ile be he.

*Nest.* Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man  
When *Hectors* Grandfire suckt: he is old now,  
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,  
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire  
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,  
He hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beauer,  
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,  
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady  
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste  
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,  
He pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

*Aene.* Now heauens forbid such fearstie of youth.

*Vlyss.* Amen.

*Aga.* Faire Lord *Aeneas*,

Let me touch your hand:

To our Pauillion shal I leade you first:  
*Achilles* shall haue word of this intent,  
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:  
Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,

And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*

*A Planet Vlysses and Nestor.*

*Vlyss.* *Nestor*.

*Nest.* What sayes *Vlysses*?

*Vlyss.* I haue a young conception in my braine,  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Vlysses.* This 'tis:  
Blunt wedges riuie hard knots: the seeded Pride  
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

*In*